

No. 53

10c
FEBRUARY

BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

IN THIS ISSUE:
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
and BO

GOLLY, DIXIE,
I DINT KNOW
SLAP HAPPY COULD
DANCE LIKE THAT!

HE'S A REGULAR
JITTERBUG!



Starting this issue:
BRASS KNUCKLES



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

PIANO PLAYING

So Easy It's Really Amazing!



Mr. Dave Minor, Who Is On the Radio From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He Will Teach You to Play the Piano by Ear Without Knowing One Music Note From Another, Or No Cost.

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, or sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

Special Introductory Offer . . . \$1.49

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the piano. Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is the easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that if, in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. Now, isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a special offer so wonderful it's amazing!

**COMPLETE
COURSE OF
HOME
INSTRUCTION**

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON TEST AT OUR RISK

Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course must teach you or you are not out a red cent! It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. It's as simple as ABC. 25 lessons in all, less than for a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been teaching folks to play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete and simplified method to play the piano by ear. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs from Dave Minor's big free song book, for your own pleasure and for the entertainment of your family and friends. Mail the coupon, pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival, on guarantee you may return course in three weeks, if not satisfied, for full refund.

FREE

DAVE MINOR'S FAMOUS "PLAY BY EAR" PIANO SONG BOOK GIVEN FREE.

mail this coupon

MR. DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-BB
230 EAST OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your brand-new, complete "Play-by-Ear" Course of 25 lessons and Free 72-page Piano Song Book. I'll pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 3 weeks for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name

Address

City State

☐ I am interested in learning to play the Guitar. Please send me complete course, for which I will pay \$1.00 plus postage.

GUITAR MADE EASY

I have received so many requests that I now offer lovers of the Guitar a simple home study course at the sensational low price of only \$1.00. If you would like to learn to play this fascinating instrument, check coupon. Mail your order today.

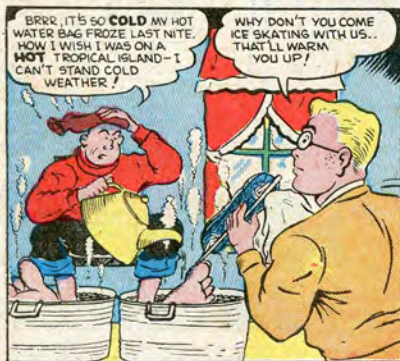
and still that isn't all

If you act promptly, now, Dave Minor will give you, absolutely free of extra costs, his big 72-page book of 50 America's favorite songs. There's not one note of music in this book, but it teaches you to play waltzes, ballads, marches, patriotic and popular songs. All you do is follow the first few pages of the Piano Course and you can play any song from this DE LUXE song book. You get this Song Book free just by ordering the new and simplified "play-by-ear" piano course that is guaranteed to teach you to play the piano or money back. Mail coupon today.

DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-BB

230 E. OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

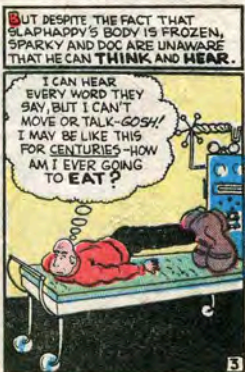
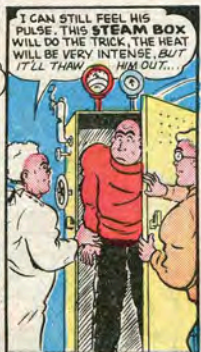
SPARKY WATTS



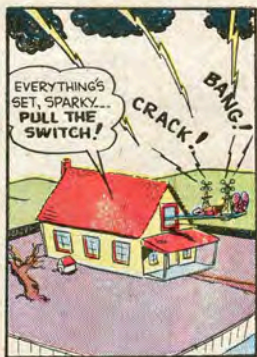
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



...AND AFTER THE EXPERIMENT.



BIG SHOT



AND WITH UNEXPECTED SUDDENESS



LATER...IN TROPICAL WATERS.



BIG SHOT



The SKYMAN



THE TWISTS OF FATE ARE STRANGE---ALLEN TURNER, FOR INSTANCE, WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ANYONE CRAZY WHO SUGGESTED THAT A TIME WOULD COME WHEN, AS THE SKYMAN, HE WOULD BE BENDING ALL HIS EFFORTS TO SAVE **JAPAN!**

THEN DROM IS DEAD SKYMAN?

I RATHER THINK SO, SUE--HIS PLANE CRASHED IN THE CANYON, WITH NEARLY A QUART OF V-69 A BOARD---



THAT WAS AN **INCREDIBLE** BLAST WHEN MY PLANE HIT-- AND YET I'D LEFT ONLY A ONE-OUNCE BOTTLE OF V-69 EXPLOSIVE IN THE SEAT!--- NOW I KNOW V-69 IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO ACCOMPLISH MY PURPOSE---



BIG SHOT

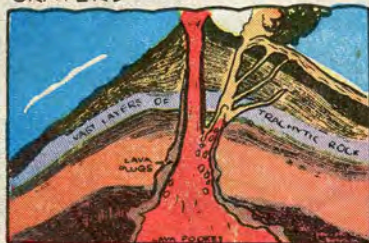


BIG SHOT





"THINK HOW A VOLCANO OPERATES ---NOW SUPPOSE THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE -V-69- WAS USED TO BOMB THE HARDENED LAVA **PLUGS** LOOSE IN SEVERAL CRATERS ---"



SO-THIS SERIES OF VOLCANIC EXPLOSIONS MIGHT RESULT IN **EARTHQUAKES**-WHICH MIGHT **COLLAPSE** THE FAULTY EARTH STRATA BENEATH JAPAN -

HE'S **MAD**, SUE ABSOLUTELY **MAD!**

"**MAD**" WHY-?

BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS HOW THE FRACTURES IN THE LAND BASE OF JAPAN AFFECT THE REST OF THE EARTH'S CRUST!- YOUR LITTLE STUNT **MIGHT DESTROY THE WORLD!**



BIG SHOT

SO ?-**THAT** IS
A RISK THE WORLD
MUST TAKE--!



NORTH-WEST
FLIES THE
WING, RACING
IN A GREAT
ARC THROUGH
THE STRAT-
OSPHERE,
UNTIL AT LAST
DROM CUTS
THE MOTORS
AND PUTS
THE GREAT
PLANE IN A
LONG,
SLANTING
GLIDE---

DROM'S BUSY AT
THE CONTROLS--
SO I SNEAKED
BACK AGAIN!



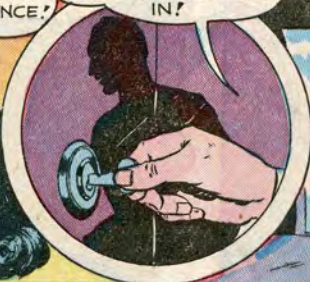
GOOD GIRL!
CAN YOU
FREE ME--?

WHY DID
HE BRING
US ALONG
SUE?

HE'S VERY
VAIN--
HE LOVES
AN
AUDIENCE!

WE'RE OVER JAPAN!--
BUT GO AHEAD AND
RELEASE HIM SUE--
YOU'RE BOTH **LOCKED**
IN!

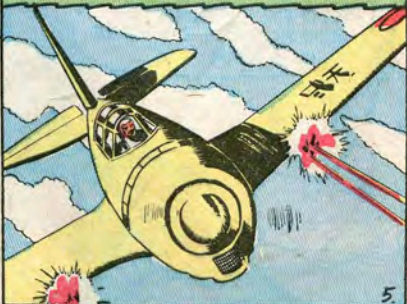
IT'S OKAY, SUE--
DROM HAS FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE
ICARUS CAPE--!



I HATE TO LEAVE HER LIKE
THIS-- BUT I MUST WARN THE
JAPS!-- BECAUSE IF DROM'S
VOLCANO-BOMBING WORKS, IT
MIGHT BE **THE END OF THE EARTH.**



AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, OUT OF
THE SUN, A JAPANESE HAWK
SUDDENLY SWOOPS-----!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN! Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

BY DAY*
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE



BY NIGHT
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN



**CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection—in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY . MAIL COUPON . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98¢. Not is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98¢ plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 512K
207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here ☐.

Name

Address

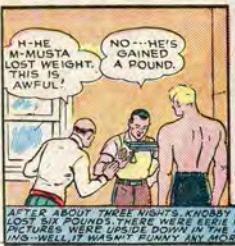
City Zone State

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

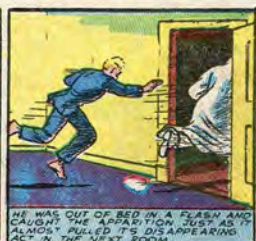
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



BIG SHOT

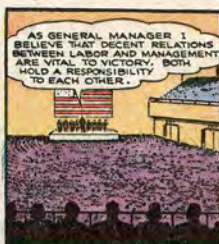
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



DIXIE

MC EVOY
AND
STRIEBEL

DUGAN

RONNIE
KINTER
PRETENDED
TO BE
SICK
TO GET
AWAY
FROM
HIS
AUNT,
UNCLE
AND
COUSIN!

YOU SHOULD BE
PUNISHED FOR
THIS BUT I
HAVEN'T GOT
THE TIME!—
NOW GET
OUT.

Y-YES, JUST
SIR, A
MINUTE—

COME HERE,
DOCTOR!

???—
S'MATTER??

LOOK AT HIS
EYES!

?

OH-OH!
LOOKS
LIKE
DIXIE
AND THE
DOCTOR
ARE UP
TO
SOMETHING!

HMMM— FUNNY
I DIDN'T NOTICE
THAT BEFORE!
THIS CASE
DEMANDS
CERTAIN
MEDICINE!

HUH?

STEP ON IT,
DRIVER!

W-WHAT IS
IT, DOC?—
WHAT IS IT?

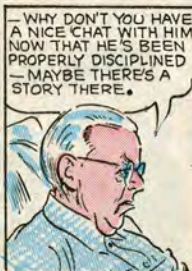
I—I TOLD YOU I ONLY
PRETENDED TO BE
SICK! LET ME GO!
LET ME GO!

PRETENDED
SICKNESS HAS TO
BE TAKEN CARE OF,
TOO!

GET HIM INTO
BED!

YES, SIR!

BIG SHOT



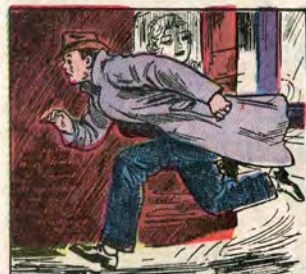
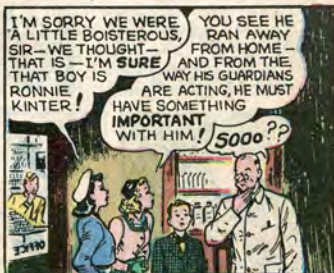
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

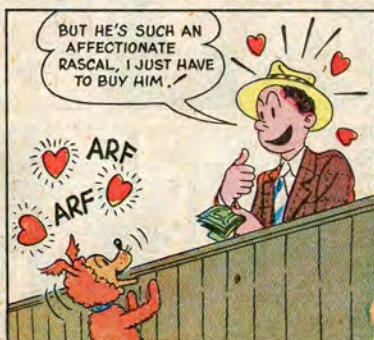
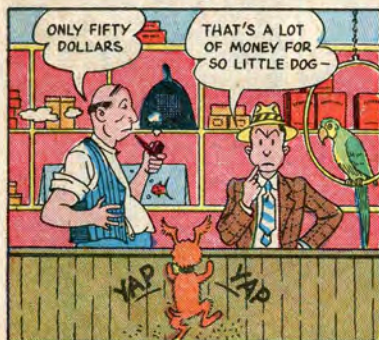
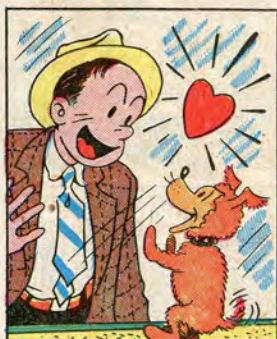


BIG SHOT

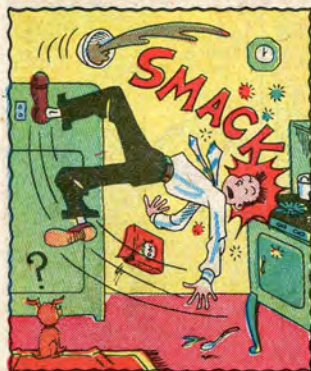


BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



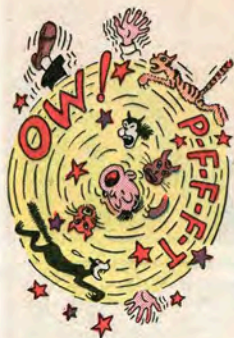
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE

CHAN

by ALFRED ANDRIOLA

CHARLIE, GINA AND KIRK ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS...

YOU MUST WATCH FOR THIS MAN - PERHAPS ACCOMPANIED BY EXOTIC WOMAN!



EVERETT MORGAN! - WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, CHARLIE?

YES - WHERE DO WE WATCH FOR HIM?



F.B.I. ALREADY STATIONED AT ALL TERMINALS! POLICE ALSO! YOU, GINA, WATCH AT FERRY BUILDING! KIRK KEEP LOOKOUT AT OAKLAND BRIDGE!

SWELL! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING!



AND WHERE WILL YOU BE, CHARLIE?

LOOK! OUT THERE! THIS PERSON GOES NOW TO BOARD WHITE SHIP IN DARK HARBOR!



SO FAR SO GOOD! LUCK'S MY MIDDLE NAME, ZARA! JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, BEAUTIFUL!

WE HAVE BEEN LUCKY, MORGAN, TO HAVE ELUDED POLICE, G-MEN AND ARMY INTELLIGENCE AGENTS SO FAR!



WHEN WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE MEXICAN BORDER, WHY NOT SKIP ACROSS AT EL PASO, EH?

NO! PERSONAL SAFETY IS NOT ENOUGH! WE MUST REPORT AT SAN FRANCISCO!



MEANWHILE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, A SEEDY ORIENTAL WALKS IN THE DIM MIST OF EARLY EVENING -



HA! THIS LOOKS LIKE RIGHT PLACE! PERHAPS RIGHT TIME, ALSO!

EMPLOYMENT AGENT
WANTED
PAINTER-PAINT-ORIENT EAST
COOK-CONSTRUCTION
FREQUENT, RANCH WORK
CHANGERS FOR LUMBER
REPAIRS
ALL KINDS OF
CHOICE JOBS
\$45 A MONTH AND
FOOD
SATISFACTION
ASSURED
APPLY INSIDE



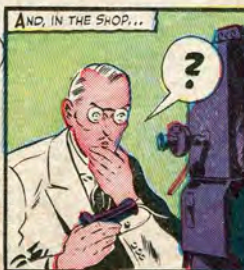
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MISTER TWO HEADS

BY MART BAILEY

I DIDN'T like the guy. His repulsive and egotistical presence gave even that abode of bad airs, the Happy Days Bar and Grill, a bad air, and every time I glanced his way he was behaving as if he thought himself the life of the party. It was easy to dislike him twice as much as anyone I ever met. *The guy had two heads.*

Toby Perwold, perched on a high wooden stool at the other end of the bar, didn't think much of Mister Two Heads, either. I could hear Toby muttering over and over, "A guy ain't got a right to have two heads."

Did this bother Mister Two Heads? *It did not!* Mister Two Heads just kept stowing the cole slaw and the stewed clams from the free lunch into his two big mouths and double-chewed contentedly.

Overwhelmed by the injustice of this, I bowed my head on a basket of pretzels and wept, while Joe the Bartender told me the story of Toby Perwold and Mister Two Heads.

* * * * *

TOBY (said Joe the Bartender) is what you'd call a teetotaler. He comes in here under the delusion that this is some kind of ice cream parlor, and he will not even sip a Zombie Special until I assure him it's a raspberry soda.

So I was not surprised this afternoon when he dropped in for a case of ginger ale. Seems he stays up most nights writing drivel for the comic books—stuff about superduper heroes in capes and tight boots who fillet the mad monster population with bolts of atomic lightning—and he keeps his inspiration on the wing with root beer or, as the spirit prompts him, ginger ale.

At about the same time, the Treasurer of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club ordered a case of champagne, confiding chummily that it was for the annual Masquerade Dance.

Toby and the Treasurer renewed their acquaintanceship over tall glasses of Undertaker's Punch while I descended into the dark, ratty cellar where we keep our stock. When I returned with the champagne and ginger ale, Toby was offering to drive him and the champagne to the clubhouse. The Treasurer said he'd be delighted to accept a lift.

Ten minutes later they were weaving crazily through traffic. The Treasurer was sitting on the handlebars of Toby's bicycle, holding the two cases of beverage on his lap, and Toby was pedalling unsteadily.

ABOUT midnight, so I'm told, Toby ceased punishing his typewriter long enough to get a bottle of ginger ale from the refrigerator. It was soon apparent that this was one of the better brands. Toby liked the sparkle and the bubbly taste. He poured himself another glass, and went back to work.

The story he was plagiarizing was so terrifying it frightened him, even if it didn't frighten his acrobatic hero, who pelted into the two-headed gorillas with snappy wisecracks. Toby

felt the need of a bracer. He went to the refrigerator for another bottle of ginger ale.

MEANWHILE, the Masquerade Dance was not doing so well.

For weeks lips had smacked in anticipation of flowing rivers of champagne, and noses hitherto accustomed only to beer foam had twitched happily, imagining the delicious tingle of bursting champagne bubbles. Now the members and their ladies were disappointed. They did not express it in just these words, but they had expected that champagne would taste like elixir from the snowy Himalayas, or at least like nectar from Olympia to stimulate their tipsily soaring spirits.

Instead, the stuff tasted like ginger ale. And after waiting without effect for the stimulation to begin, the boys went back to the old reliable beer kegs. The members of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club, who are recruited from among the more muscular dock workers largely for the breadth of their biceps, are philosophical souls. They soon forgot their disappointment and rancor in the pleasant sport of banging one another over the head with chairs and table legs and hand grenades made to look like ping pong balls.

Not so the Treasurer. He knew it was only a matter of time before the rest of the boys sated with the joy of cracking one another's skulls, would begin asking questions. They would probe. They would suspect the worst. They would twist a Treasurer's arm, thinking they'd been bilked.

The Treasurer had a clear conscience in the matter of the champagne purchase: he had not chiseled more than his customary percentage. But would the boys believe this? The Treasurer thought not, and meditating bitterly upon the lack of trust in this world, he slid down the dumbwaiter with some empty beer kegs, and made his escape through the basement window.

He did not know that the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club already harbored dark suspicions, and was at that moment reading the labels on the champagne bottles. The President was not surprised at what he read. His mouth hardened. He slipped out while someone was blowing an air warden's whistle, and took up the Treasurer's trail.

THE trouble with masquerade costumes is that they make a fellow too conspicuous. The Treasurer handicapped by a woolly suit designed to imitate a gorilla's hide, nevertheless climbed over back fences and crawled through alleys without attracting more than a shoe or two which materialized out of the night when he inadvertently set a whole stack of ashcans rolling down cellar steps.

Then just as he was congratulating himself upon reaching home without being seen, he discovered that he had forgotten his keys.

He hesitated to press the button of the night bell. Such a rash act would bring the night-

shirted building superintendent to the door, and the next day the whole neighborhood would know that the Treasurer, normally a self-respecting citizen, went about revelling in a woolly gorilla suit.

He could, he reflected, grab the keys from the superintendent and dash for his apartment. At least he could have, if he hadn't left the mask behind at the Dance.

There was one other way of getting in. It would require agility and caution, but he could reach his fourth-floor apartment by the fire-escape.

A moment later, the gorilla-costumed Treasurer scrambled up the wall and swung onto the fire-escape.

He was unobserved, except by one person. This was a fantastic figure in red, who wore horns and carried his forked tail wrapped around his arm. It was the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club.

TOBY PERWOLD had never tasted such ginger ale. The stuff had his hearty endorsement, and he toyed with the notion of writing to tell the manufacturers so.

Long since he had given up the idea of finishing his script for the comic book that night. Of course, the artist would be starving for work, and couldn't begin working until Toby's script arrived. Let the blighter starve, Toby thought happily.

Besides, Toby doubted whether he had read the human heart right. Would, for instance, a nice chap like his superduper hero in the satin cape actually beat to a pulp a poor two-headed gorilla, who, after all, probably worked hard to support a widowed mother? Toby thought not. In fact, Toby told himself, in a surge of love for all God's world, if a two-headed gorilla should step through the window, he himself would welcome the creature like a brother.

The next instant, a two-headed gorilla did.

THE Treasurer, taking care not to knock off any flower-pots, intended going straight up the fire-escape to his apartment. But he could not resist the temptation to look into the lighted room. And when he saw Toby Perwold sitting at his desk, a silly expression on his face and six empty bottles lying around his typewriter, the Treasurer forgot himself.

"Hullo," Toby greeted him. "Won't you sit down for a nip of ginger ale?"

The creature's heads were remotely human, and Toby expected that at least one of them would smile. Instead, both heads regarded him with smouldering, unfriendly eyes.

"Ginger ale?" Two Heads repeated, tight-lipped.

"Yeah. I got a whole case in the refrigerator. Take a bottle. Take two."

"Where did you get this stuff?" demanded Two Heads.

"From Joe the Bartender, who runs that delightful ice cream parlor down the street."

Two Heads picked up one of the bottles to read the label. In his four eyes burned the light of a Treasurer who suddenly understands all: how a little pipsqueak of a writer, on pretext of giving him a lift to the clubhouse, switched the cases of beverage and slyly kept the champagne for himself, and now, caught red-handed with the goods, pretends to think it ginger ale.

"Come, come," Two Heads snapped. "Where

is the rest of this stuff? I want it QUICK!"

"One bottle, or two, you can have, Mister Two Heads," Toby answered generously, "but no more!"

"I want it all!" Two Heads shouted, and his four eyes blazed madly. "You said it was in the refrigerator, didn't you?" He tried to brush past Toby to the kitchen.

A man of Toby's slight physique shrinks from physical violence. But now it was as if he were defending the sanctity of the American Home. What, he seemed to ask himself as he grabbed a bottle off the desk and lifted it behind Two Heads, will become of the American system of civil liberties if two-headed gorillas can invade a fellow's refrigerator and walk off with his ginger ale?

The bottle swished on empty air. Toby would have sworn his aim was true; but the bottle seemed to pass through the gorilla's left head.

Two Heads didn't like that. Both his ugly faces twisted in anger and half-frightened Toby to death.

In frantic haste, Toby swung again. Once more he thought he saw the bottle pass through one of the gorilla's heads—this time the one on the right side. The bottle struck nothing but air.

"Here you, cut that out!" said Two Heads. Both mouths seemed to be yelling at once, and what's more he seemed suddenly to have grown four arms that stretched menacingly in Toby's direction.

Toby waited till he saw the whites of the enemy's four eyes. Taking careful aim between them, he swung the bottle with all his 102 pounds.

The bottle exploded. *A direct hit!*

Two Heads sank to the floor, his eyes glassy and unseeing.

Toby regarded his handiwork with the smugness of an old Roman gladiator who has sneaked over a fast battle-axe on a barbarian Hun.

"Nobody's taking that ginger ale from me," he boasted. "Not even the devil himself!"

"What did you say, Bud?" said a voice. And Toby, turning nervously, beheld a figure in red with enormous horns and a forked tail looped around its arm, stepping over the window sill.

* * *

JOE THE BARTENDER sighed. "The President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club was relieved to find that the Treasurer was a man of honor and wholly blameless. He promised to keep the matter secret, if they split what remained of the case of champagne three ways. He is an honorable man, and he will keep his promise."

I lifted my head out of the pretzel basket on the bar and the next instant was sorry. The guy with the two heads was still there, and I disliked him more than ever. Both his heads were ugly as mortal sin, and, to make matters worse, each wore a turban of white bandages.

Toby Perwold was banging his glass upon the other end of the bar.

"Trow that bum out!" he shouted. "A guy ain't oughta have two heads, anyway!"

"Yeah," I echoed, looking Mister Two Heads square in his four eyes. "Trow that bum out!"

"Shuddup!" said Joe the Bartender. "That bum is you. You're looking in the mirror."

CAPTAIN TANK

FRANK
TINSLEY

ON HIS WAY TO REPORT TO NAVAL HQS IN TUNISIA YANK RESCUES A MYSTERIOUS VEILED WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON SEEING THE U.S. COMMANDER...

I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT YET JUST WHAT HER INFORMATION IS — BEFORE SHE COULD SPILL IT ONE OF THE LOCAL LADS HEAVED **THIS** AT US

SACRE BLEU — **UN BOABDIL!**

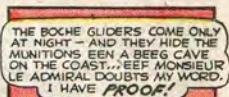
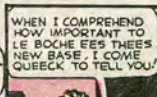
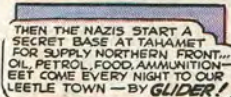
BOABDIL? WHAT'S THAT?

EET'S A TYPE OF DAGGER WHEECH LE BOCHE D'S-TRIBUTED TO THEIR FEEFTH COLUMN HERE... SEE HOW THE NAZI SWASTICA EES COMBINE WEEFTH MOSLEM CRESCENT!

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THE GAIL'S STORY AT THAT! **HEY!** LOOK — SHE'S COMING TO!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



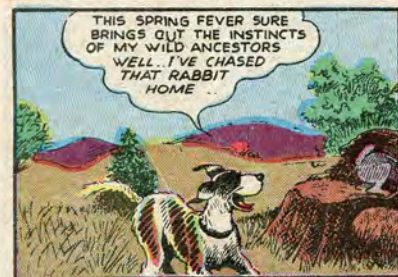
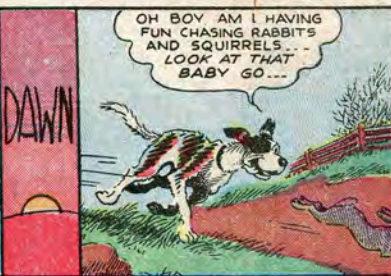
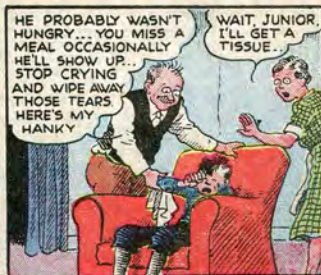
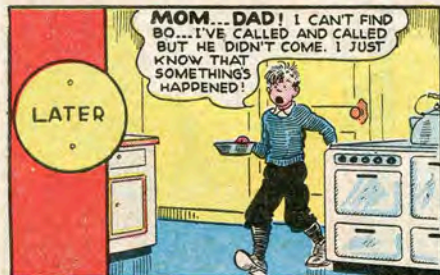
BIG SHOT



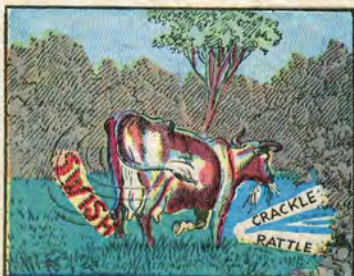
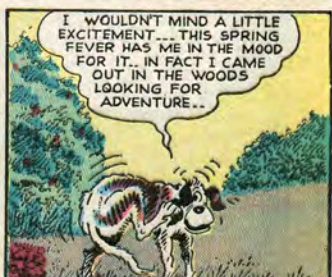
WELCOME
SWEET
SPRING
TIME!



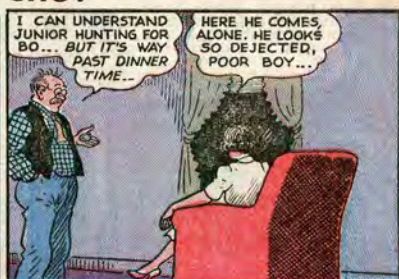
BIG SHOT



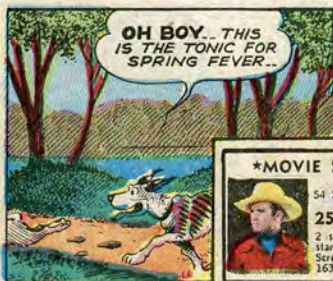
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MORE
NEXT
ISSUE

MOVIE STAR PICTURES

(ALL IN COLOR)

54 21" x 33" Cowboys and Cowgirls	30c.
54 7" Movie Stars	30c.
BOTH FOR 60c.	

2 splendid assortments of popular stars. This offer good any time.
Screen Art Studios, Inc. 72
1633 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47

The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WILD BILL SOGGANS NEVER EXPECTED SO MUCH TROUBLE! FIRST, HE HEARD HIMSELF ACCUSED OF HAVING COMMITTED AN ANCIENT MURDER AS *THE FACE*. THEN A LITTLE BROWN THIEF SCURRIED INTO THE JUNGLE WITH *THE FACE MASK*.... MEANTIME, TONY TRENT HAS ONLY BEEN IMPRISONED AND TORTURED BY THE JAPANESE....

65

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... A TRIBE OF PIGMIES HAS ENTHRONED THE DEMONIC LITTLE MAN...



THEY THINK HE'S A GOD OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE OF THE *FACE MASK*... HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO GET IT BACK?

I'LL GET IT— AND THIS TIME THOSE SPEARMEN WON'T STOP ME!



A PRISON CAMP IN JAPAN...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, FATHER, ORGANIZING THIS BASEBALL!

THANK THE FOLKS BACK HOME... BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE OVER THE OUTFIELD, TONY? WE NEED A GOOD MAN OUT THERE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



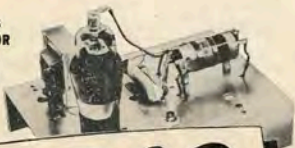
BIG SHOT



NEXT... NUTS AND BOLTS INC.

Building This AM SIGNAL GENERATOR

gives you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experiment purposes.



Radio Servicing pays many good money for full-time work. Many others make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.

Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

with 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts I Send You

Here's a practical way to learn Radio at home in spare time—to train for a good Radio job, or start your own spare time or full time Radio Service Business! You get Radio EXPERIENCE building real Radio Circuits with kits of standard parts I send. You get solid KNOWLEDGE of Radio, Television, Electronic fundamentals from my easy-to-grasp lessons. You follow the same "50-50" method that has helped hundreds of beginners make \$5, \$10 EXTRA a week in spare time while learning—and prepare for good full time jobs at good pay.

Future Looks Bright For Trained Radio Technicians, Operators

The Radio Repair Business is booming. Profits are large and peacetime prospects are bright. Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing, all employ trained Radio men at good pay.

Be Ready To Cash In On Jobs Coming With Television, Electronics

Think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronic, other Radio developments promise for the peacetime future. You have a real opportunity. I will train you to be ready to cash in when amazing wartime developments are released for unlimited peacetime use.

Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio fields. Read the details about my Course—"50-50 Training Method"—6 Experimental Kits—EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS. See the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how you can train at home. Read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL COUPON in an envelope or posted on a penny postcard! J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 58N, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

**My Course Includes Training In
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



You build this
**SUPERHETODYNE
CIRCUIT** that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests!

You build this
MEASURING INSTRUMENT
yourself early in the course—use it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money!

BE A SUCCESS in RADIO I Will Train You at Home I Trained These Men



Chief Operator
Broadcasting
Station—"Before I completed your lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMPG where I am now Chief Operator." HOL- LIN F. HAYES, 327 Madison St., Lapeer, Michigan.



\$200 a Month
in Own Business—"I am in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start in this field." ARLE J. FROEHNER, 200 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



J. E. SMITH,
President
National Radio
Institute

Our 50th Year of
Training Men for
Success in Radio.

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 58N
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 2, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book: "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." No salesman will call. Please write plainly.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Now YOU Can Lick Any AUTO REPAIR JOB!

IN LESS TIME—WITH LESS WORK



**FREE
7-DAY OFFER**

MoToR's New Auto REPAIR MANUAL
shows you how to service and
repair ANY part of ANY car!

No auto repair job is too tough when you've got MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL! YOU can repair anything from carburetor to rear end—quickly, easily, right! Just look up make, model, and the job in the quick index—and go to work! Clear, illustrated instructions lead you step by step.

To make such an amazing book possible, the engineer-editors of MoToR Magazine collected and "broke down" 150 official factory shop manuals for you, spotted all the vital repair information you need, dove-tailed it all together into ONE handy, easy-to-understand book.

No Other Manual Like It!

This BIG book—640 pages, 8½x11 inches, bound in sturdy covers—brings you nearly 200,000 service, repair, adjustment, replacement, tune-up facts on every car built from 1935 to 1942. More than 1000 cut-away photos, diagrams, draw-

ings show you exactly WHAT to do and HOW to do it! Used by the U. S. Army, trade and technical schools everywhere, thousands of auto servicemen.

Now YOU—without cost—can see for yourself what a wonderbook MoToR's Auto Repair Manual really is. TRY it—FREE for 7 days! Learn firsthand how it can pay for itself the first few times you use it.

SEND NO MONEY
7-Day Free Examination

Just mail coupon below—without money! When the postman brings your book, pay him nothing. First make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen—return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: MoToR Book Department, Desk 83-B, 572 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

USED BY
U. S.
ARMY

Clear, Pictured Facts on Every Job on Every Car Built Since 1935!

Nearly 200,000 service and repair facts on all these makes:

American	Ford	Oldsmobile
Bentley	Graham	Overland
Auburn	Hudson	Packard
Austin	Hupmobile	Pierce
Buick	Lafayette	Arrow
Cadillac	La Salle	Plymouth
Chevrolet	Lincoln	Pontiac
Chrysler	Lincoln	Reo
Cord	Zephyr	Studebaker
De Soto	Mercury	Terraplane
Dodge	Nash	Willys

640 big pages; including 50 pages of carburetor text, charts, illustrations, covering all models. Over 450 charts, tables: Tune-up Chart; Valve Measurements; Compression Pressure; Torque Wrench Reading; Starting Motor; Engine Clearances; Generator; Clutch and Brake Specifications; Front End Measurements, etc.; Engines; Electric; Fuel, Cooling, Lubricating Systems; Transmissions; Universals; Front Ends; Wheels; Rear Ends, etc.

Same FREE 7-Day Offer Applies on New MoToR's TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL

For mechanics, truck specialists, service stations, fleet owners. Covers EVERY job on EVERY truck made since 1931! 1400 pictures, 900 pages, 200,000 facts. Used by ARMY Forces. Warranted to contain every essential fact you need to know. Sturdy binding, size 8½x11. Covers all types gasoline Engines; Diesels and New-Umans.

Fuel Systems, Governors, Lubrication Systems, Ignition Systems, Starters, Generators, Clutches, Transmissions, Axles, Torque Dividers, Transfer Cases, Brakes, Steering, etc., etc. ALSO SERVICES buses, farm and industrial tractors, contractor and road building equipment, stationary power machinery, etc. (on all parts described in Manual).

Offered on same FREE 7-Day examination as Auto Repair Manual. Check box in coupon at right.

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MoToR Book Department, Desk 83-B, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Rush to me at once: (check box opposite book you want).

☐ **MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL** (formerly "MoToR's Factory Shop Manual"). If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, and \$1 monthly for 4 months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment (\$5.35 in all). Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$7 in cash with order).

☐ **MoToR's TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL** (Described at left in the box.) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment (\$8.35 in all). Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$11 in cash with order).

Name Age

Address

City Zone No. State

Occupation

☐ **SAVE 35c!** Check here if enclosing full payment (check or money-order) WITH coupon. We pay 35c shipping costs.



MoToR

Published by MoToR,
The Leading Automotive
Business Magazine.
MoToR's manuals assure
high standards of repair work.